

DRY TOAST

she sits at the kitchen table eating an egg sandwich on dry toast, so dry that i can distinctly hear every bite she is taking. and since i am not in the least

bit hungry all i can do is sit there sipping my coffee, watching her lips meticulously collecting crumbs, listening to the sandwich i made for her slowly disappearing, as she holds it in both hands just like a harmonica. it is a cool morning,

the curtain in the window next to the table brushing up against the small lamp and the tip of one of her elbows. and the breeze, it continues across the kitchen and pushes the calendar, which is hanging on the fridge, closer up against the door which is covered with all kinds of scraps of papers and photos, held there by an assortment of crazy little magnets. her eyes are red, as though she's been crying, but since i know that this is not the case i sit there wondering exactly why her eyes are so red, not asking, knowing that she is in one of those moods which doesn't allow for her to give me a straight answer.

i had my egg sandwich hours ago already, at dawn when i got up because i couldn't see struggling to sleep anymore. she's on her first cup of coffee; i'm breathing through my fifth. and i'm lucky she hasn't complained about the coffee, since it's made from some stale beans i've had lying around, and which this morning i was forced into using.

i ran out of the good beans yesterday morning. i don't think i've ever seen anyone put so much ketchup on an egg sandwich before, or any kind of sandwich, as far as that goes. and when she's done eating the plate is not so white anymore, thanks to the many monstrous drops of ketchup which managed to squeeze free. i ask her what she is going to do with the remainder of the morning. she tells me she plans on eating another egg sandwich, which she intends returning with to the bed, and she wants to know if i'd be so kind as to make it for her, and would i please make the toast as dry and as black as i did for the first sandwich.